

Kinky Red Boots

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Summary: It took Len a laughable amount of time to realize he had been thrown into a different dimension. In his defense, there really was only one noticeable difference. Rule 63 fem!Barry

1. Chapter 1

It took Len a laughable amount of time to realize he had been thrown into a different dimension.

In his defense, he was not suddenly a hero to the Flash's villainy, nor had the lost city of Atlantis suddenly risen from the depths. Really, the only noticeable difference came when his long overdue heist on the CC Diamond Exchange took place, and a certain Scarlet Speedster ran in to stop him.

Captain Cold actually stopped in the middle of shooting out some banter, mouth hanging open for half a second, while Mick continued to melt his way through the vault door, and Lisa broke open the display cases.

His jaw clicked shut, a sensual sneer curling his momentarily dumbfounded face. "Looking good Flash."

The Flash flushed darker than that tight leather suit, arms half curving over the lightening insignia in a practiced movement of modesty, before lowering into fists.

"Robbing a bank? I think you're losing your edge, Cold," Flash snarked, cheeks still flaming.

"I'm taking it as an opportunity to sharpen my skills."

"I always thought diamonds were too hard headed to be worth shaping into anything worthwhile."

Len hefted a fist sized rock, clear as water. "But they are a girl's best friend."

"Which I'm sure you know nothing about."

"The kind of girl I would give this to, I think, would be something other than a friend."

"Oh my god, will you two stop flirting," Lisa groaned, throwing a diamond at the back of her brother's head. Mick just rolled his eyes at the soap opera unfolding behind him, in favor of carting off a bag of jewels.

Len sighed. "Well, the job calls." He tossed the jewel at the speedster. While the Flash fumbled to catch it, Cold froze the kinky red boots to the pavement, and dashed to the getaway car.

Later, Lisa smacked her brother round the ears. "If you're just going to stand around gawking at the Flash every time we pull a heist, you might as well ask her out on a date, because next time, I'm leaving you behind."

Len raised an eyebrow, smirk playing across his lips, gaze calculating. "Maybe. Has the Flash always had such attractive-" He made a groping motion across his chest.

His sister punched him.

2. Chapter 2

Len's last day on earth was uneventful, all things considered.

He had an iced coffee for breakfast, managed to escape Lisa's fervent attempts to once again call him after his breakout from Iron Heights, and was just heading down to the docks to handle some Captain Cold impersonator.

He supposed that was when things went wrong.

The thief remembered a flash of familiar white glare, and his pupils dilating in self defense. Through the blind scuffle and sliding around on the patches of ice, Len might have been tossed through a waiver in the air. Though, that could have been a side effect of still seeing spots. He wasn't sure.

In any case, he was here now. Had been for a few weeks. His doppelganger was no where to be found, and upon further careful questioning of Lisa and Mick, had been out of touch since his release from prison. Just like Len, it seemed.

With no way of returning home, he settled back into the eerily similar life he found himself in. What did it matter? Lisa was still his gold craving sister, Mick still a pyro, and Central still his city.

The important points were the same, why worry about the rest?

Some discreet digging revealed a few slight barely noticeable differences between his home and this realm.

The 1918 flu pandemic resurfaced some time in the fifties,

drastically reducing the world's population in rural areas, as people began concentrating in cities to access doctors. That resulted in the death penalty being banned, and a huge leap forward in biotechnology and medical research.

Not relevant, but interesting.

Even more interesting was...

Len leaned back in his chair, away from the laptop on his desk. "Hey Lisa, want to plan a heist in a town with a flying alien?"

His sister rolled her eyes. "We're not going to Metropolis Len. Besides, don't you think the Flash will get jealous if she finds you cheating on her with another hero?"

"Wouldn't want to upset our scarlet speedster." He agreed, icy demeanor disguising exactly how light headed he felt.

Aliens. Honest to god aliens from the outer rim of other galaxies.

A childhood full of staticky black and white science mystery theater films taught him to beware the inevitable consequences of otherworldly visitors. Oh, another minor difference, alien invasion genre was apparently not a thing in this dimension.

His fingers steepled in front of his mouth, tapping together as he thought. Perhaps he should instate some emergency policies with the Rogues. You know, just in case.

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Len sighed, and pulled away from his laptop for the first time in several hours. World history had never been his forte, but he found himself tumbling through a crash course none the less.

Leaning back, the thief stretched his arms over the back of his head and perused the hideout around him.

The space was sparse, consisting of a repurposed warehouse someone had half converted into luxury condos before running out of money. Some discreet contracting saw a fully functioning kitchen and a suite of comfortably livable rooms, as well as a large space for testing new equipment and parking getaway cars.

Mick's room at the end of the hall had some smoke coming out from under the door, but that wasn't too worrisome as that end of the building was entirely concrete.

On the couch of the living room, near where Len worked at the table, Lisa lounged and touched up her eyeshadow.

Len was beginning to worry that his sister my clinically be a narcissist, as opposed to her usual level of self importance, as the amount of time she spent staring into mirrors was bordering on obsessive.

"I think you need a new hobby, other than putting on lipstick." He said idly, as he watched her make faces into her compact mirror from the kitchen counter.

Lisa sighed dramatically, and snapped her compact shut. "And I think you need to get out and get laid."

He sighed, and fixed her with an unamused look.

"I'm serious." She insisted. "You get like this every time you have a crush on someone who makes your life interesting. First it was that hacker with the dragon tattoo, then it was that cute guy who kept solving all your cases in London- the blue eyed violin player? His sidekick was so jealous- oh, John sent us another Christmas card, by the way. And now it's the Flash. Just let me know when you two start doing the horizontal dash, I'll get a new apartment."

"I don't have a crush on the Flash."

"Oh really?" Her expression was disbelieving.

"Yes. Our relationship is," he paused to collect his thoughts, "more complicated."

"Right." The woman stood and stretched languorously. "Well, while you're both sorting out your facebook status like a couple of teenagers, I'm going out."

He watched his sister stalk out of the apartment, the door shutting with a decisively accusatory click.

Sighing, he gathered up his computer and went to his office. Settling into the leather backed chair, he opened up a search engine.

However, instead of pulling up the schematics of a new museum exhibit like he planned, the thief's fingers instead scrolled through the CCPD's pilfered personnel files.

An few clicks, and there she was.

Forbearance Allen, so apparently named after her painfully traditional maternal great grandmother. No wonder the kid preferred to be called Barry. A name like that was even worse than Leonard.

Growling in the back of his throat, he snapped the laptop shut.

Lisa was right, he needed to get out of here.

Grabbing his thin black jacket, the thief left the apartment.

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A/N:

Just some house cleaning. Plot and romance kind of start next chapter.

3. Chapter 3

Saints and Sinners was just as constant in the multiverse as Big Belly Burger, it seemed.

Breathing in the smell of smoke and whiskey contentedly, Len stirred a few more fries through the ketchup on his plate and snapped them into his mouth.

A gaggle of young men playing pool in the corner laughed raucously, but otherwise the bar was empty. That is, until an all too familiar lanky ginger was pushed into the room, with a tall dark kid about her age.

Len stared.

What was she doing here? Possible reasons for her presence cascaded through his mind like lightning, but he was unable to reach a conclusion, before the young woman's gaze fell upon him.

Barry's eyes narrowed, then widened, and she flinched away, trying to distract herself with ordering at the bar.

Len blinked. She didn't know he recognized her. A smirk twitched its way across his face. Well. This could be fun.

Leaving his plate, the thief sidled over to her end of the counter. The bartender rolled her eyes at his antics, but didn't look up from stacking glasses.

"Can I buy you a drink, miss?" Len purred, stopping a polite distance from his quarry.

Barry barely glanced his way, before refocusing her efforts to attract the bartender. "No thank you."

"All right." The thief conceded. He wrapped his knuckles on the wood. The bartender looked up, one unamused brow raised. "Whiskey, ice cold."

She rolled her eyes again, before pouring his usual, and sliding the glass across the counter. She turned away before Barry could grab her attention.

The speedster huffed a growl, reminiscent of an angry kitten. Len tried not to smile.

"I don't think I've seen you around here before." Blue eyes never left her face. "I definitely would have noticed."

She flushed, still resolved to not look in his general vicinity. "I'm meeting up with some work friends of a friend. He's all about dive bars for some reason; picks a new one every week."

"As the proprietor of this fine establishment, I feel as if I should take offense."

"What? Oh, geez, sorry, what I meant was-"

Her fluster faded away under Len's unbidden chuckles. The flush

deepened to scarlet.

"You sure you don't want a drink?" He waved a hand to indicate calling over the bartender.

She shook her head, and fell back with another huff. "No thanks. Alcohol doesn't, uh, really do anything for me. I just wanted a soda."

"Lightweight?"

She chuckled uncomfortably. "Kind of the opposite? It takes a lot to get me even buzzed."

"Really?" Len's back straightened, and he tilted his head. "That must be quite useful."

"Not as much as you would think." Green eyes flickered to his, before darting away.

"I take it your friends don't know about your disinclination for establishments such as these?"

Barry shrugged. "Well, I tried to hint that I wasn't interested, but, well, I guess I should have been more direct."

"I myself am a pretty straight forward guy." He traced his finger along his glass's rim. "When I see something I want, I take it."

The young woman's face flared. A squeak, an actual squeak, issued from her throat, and she toppled off her stool. "I, uh, um- friends are, uh, calling, yeah-"

Len repressed a smirk as she darted away towards the gaggle playing pool.

"You didn't have to scare her like that." The bartender said, getting him another drink. "She's just a baby."

"Trust me, she can handle herself." Len said.

"Whatever you say, Cold. I'll leave the upstairs keys under the mat then, shall I?"

He shot her a look. "I don't expect things to get that heated."

The bartender quirked an eyebrow. "Uh hu. Right."

In the corner, Barry had detached herself from the larger group, and seemed to be engaged in a fast paced conversation on her phone.

The thief strained his ears over the jukebox's low crooning.

"I'm not going to seduce him for information, Cisco! This isn't some Bond movie! â€| Yes, Caitlin, please talk some sense intoâ€|. So maybe that would give us the upper hand at his next heist, but- â€|" She ran a hand agitatedly through her short hair. "Well, maybe-"

Len stopped listening at that point.

So, she wanted to play that game. Ok. He hid his a smirk under another sip of whiskey, wondering if she even knew all the rules.

Barry returned to the bar more straight backed, a determined glint in her eye. Len assumed her companions had given her some kind of pep talk. Cute.

She slid back into her stool. "Hey, I'm back."

The thief smiled. "I was thinking you were going to leave with mister tall dark and handsome over there." The girl looked confused, until Len nodded in the direction of the retreating man.

She flushed. "Oh, Irvy? He's my, uh, foster brother. He's leaving to meet with his girlfriend Patty."

"And you decided to stay?"

Barry leaned across the countertop, trying to manufacture the casual confidence she thought she needed. He voice very nearly didn't squeak. "Well, with a handsome man offering to buy me a drink, how could I say no?"

Len nearly inhaled his alcohol, just managing to cover his laugh with a cough. He put on his smarmiest leer. He could play over the top too.

"Well then, my dear, let's toast the night!"

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The evening grew fuzzy as the tumblers on the counter stacker higher.

Len recalled leaning in close to the young woman's ear, whispering little truths he knew he would regret in other circumstances.

Her expression grew warm and empathetic, as she scooted closer into his personal space.

The thief hated that look, but when he made to pull away, he found her hands intertwined with his. He remembered their eyes meeting, then someone leaned in, and they were kissing.

He must have mentioned the small apartment above the bar, because when he woke the next morning, nursing his worst hangover in recent memory, it was to find himself tangled alone in the sheets beside the impression of another body.

Len waited to see whether his night time companion would return, before heaving himself to the kitchen for a carton of orange juice.

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A/N:

Just to be clear, Len was not sober, Barry was, and they both had terrible motivations for sleeping together. He didn't pressure her into anything, and neither did she. This was a joint decision. (Though technically Len was the one taken advantage ofâ€|not that Barry or he will see it that way.) Just, so everyone is on the same page, consent is sexy. Don't forget. I'm not condoning what went on here. It just makes for great future drama.

On a lighter note, Justice League: Gods and Monsters has the most lovely platonic friendship I've ever seen between a man and woman in the form of Superman and Wonder Woman, and the best setup to a threesome where two people were on board and one really misinterprets the situation with Batman and his college buddies.

End
file.